

all DYNAMIC!



WONDER WOMAN

Good Grief! Not another

DIRECT LINE

by Alan Light

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Well, ALL DYNAMIC #4 finally made it. I'm truly sorry that this issue is as late as it is, but it really could not be helped. Let me explain. Part of the problem was having no cover. Arvell M. Jones and Rich Buckler were scheduled to do the cover, but as of now it hasn't arrived. I will have it, however, as the back cover of ALL DYNAMIC #5, in full 4-color. But I'm sure you'll agree that there is a good substitute...Mr. John Fantucchio's WONDER WOMAN. A+ all the way! Thanks again, John! Also, thanks go to Alan Hanley for his "different" back cover. Another great!

Many people out there reading this have recieved their copy free, through another fanzine. You might call this a sixteen page ready sheet, only for once you see what the fanzine is like before sending in your money (many times to your regret). However, if you do enjoy this magazine, I'm always ready to accept orders for the next issue. The only place ALL DYNAMIC can go is UPI

ALL DYNAMIC MAGAZINE, because of time and (especially) - money, has to move to being quarterly for a while. BUT..each issue will have full color covers as a result, on heavy paper stock. Subscriptions can be ordered as far ahead as you wish (up to issue number 10), at 35¢ an issue. This quarterly schedule is only temporary, and I hope to move it back to bi-monthly within a few issues.

Right now, before I go into detail with this editorial, I'd like to mention a project of mine that each of you should find interesting. I am in the process of having Mr. Frank Frazetta's cover art for FAMOUS FUNNIES blown up onto double page 11 x 17" posters, suitable for framing or hanging on a wall. Each is half-toned and on heavy paper stock. As you may recall, these are covers depicting BUCK ROGERS and four out of five are great ACTION poses. The set of 5 (#209-#213) for \$1.00 in an envelope, or two sets for \$1.50.

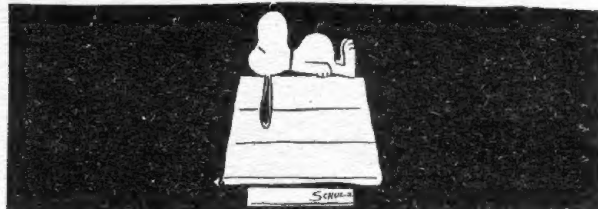
BACK ISSUES: Sorry, but ALL DYNAMIC #1 and #2 are all sold out! But to all of you who have been asking: I do plan to reprint them in very limited numbers sometime in the future. #3 is still available for 25¢, plus 6¢ postage.

PLUGS: (for editors deserving some credit on a job well done!) First, Steve Fritz is publishing KANADU for 60¢. I have ordered three copies myself, and you'd be wise to order some, too! Steve lives at 1472 Button Gwinette Pl., Norcross, Ga. 30071. POW!, an all-art (pro and fan alike) zine is also a fine accomplishment. Randy Adams (2960 Homestead Rd. #5, Santa Anna, Calif. 95051) puts it out. Then, direct from the windy city, comes COMIC BOOK. Alan Hanley has just published #4 for \$1.00 a copy. Cover repro's, strips, offset color, and a lot more. PLEASE order this one! (from 1940 W. Wilson... Chicago, Ill. 60640). BERSERK, 35¢ from Dennis DeFrenn, is just coming out. I myself haven't seen it, but from the way it sounds it's also worth looking into. (1221 Herman St. Owosso, Mich. 48867) Each of the zines above is all offset. The zines above aren't the only ones worth buying from the staff of ALL DYNAMIC, but new ones, plugged to help them get a good start.

As of late, I've recieved much good art from Bob Cosgrove, Jim Jones, Arvell M. Jones, Rich Buckler, and others. I don't have the room to print all of it yet, guys, ...sorry. And, to all the artists that send in art, and writers the same goes for articles, if it isn't accepted for print, I'll forward it to a zine that can use it, notifying you, of course.

Big things are coming in ALL DYNAMIC. Some include..... art by quite a few pro's, an 18-page (3-part) strip called "GHOUL" by Greg Theakston, Arvell Jones and Rich Buckler, art by "pro" Jim Pinkoski (cover and interior art), articles on Dick Tracy, the old Captain Marvel, and others by my good buddy Jim Mendelsohn, unpublished art by Al Williamson, and more so don't go away!

That's it, feni This zine is for you to enjoy, so..... get enjoying!



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THE SUPERHEROIC AGE

by professor Bill Henley, Jr.

OR:
history
lesson ■
4000ad

The great catastrophes of the late twentieth century caused most records of the earlier years of that century to be destroyed, and for a long time, little was known of this era of our history. A breakthrough was made, however, when archaeologists (working amongst the ruins of North Canton, Ohio) unearthed a lead vault containing a large number of printed pamphlets. It is believed that these are chronicles of the history of the period cleverly told by a combination of illustration and dialogue summary of the historical deeds of the major figures of the time. This is a brief recounting of the historical facts we have learned from these chronicles.

The middle twentieth century has been named "THE SUPERHEROIC AGE", because the greatest figures in it were men, a few women, called "superheroes". These people generally had powers of body and mind unknown to man today, and used them to battle menaces of equal or greater power. Constantly a superhero saved the twentieth century world from dangers ranging from total world destruction to petty crimes that have been eliminated today. It is obvious that without the deeds of these people, we ourselves would not be alive today.

Most superheroes lived in a country called the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, and in a city called NEW YORK. New York seems to have been the only city of importance in the period, since other cities are almost never mentioned in the chronicles. It is difficult, however, to see how ordinary people survived in the city for very long; it was constantly being disrupted by battles between superheroes and their enemies.

Some of the chronicles seemed to be religious rather than historical in nature. Most twentieth century men, apparently, worshipped the Gods of "ASGARD", and Thor, the son of god Odin, was often to have walked on earth and fight enemies of the humans alongside the superheroes. A rival sect worshipped the "OLYMPIANS", whose chief gods were Zeus and Hercules. Also, vague mentions are seen of a religion called "CHRISTIANITY", but this does not seem to have been very important.

The twentieth century was not free of war. The chief war of the time was between the Nazi's, who seem to have been afflicted by mass mental retardation, and on the other side, Sgt. Fury and his howling Commandos. The Howling Commandos seem to have been akin to the superheroes; they survived long wars with only one death and a few wounds, and eventually defeated the Nazi's (except for one Nazi named the Red Skull). After that war the Howling Commandos were seldom seen, but they were very long-lived and appeared ... seemingly unaged in wars called KOREA and VIETNAM for brief times. However, to replace them, the UNITED STATES formed an army and an air force, the chief function of which was to chase and attack a monster called THE HULK. More important was S.H.I.E.L.D., a secret army which was led by the same NICK FURY who led the HOWLING COMMANDOS. This group fought off many threats to the twentieth century civilization.

THE SUPERHEROIC AGE was fortunate to be free of the racial prejudice between different colors that sometimes occurs in our era. Most of the historical figures were white but black persons sometimes appear and are treated fairly and justly by others. However, the twentieth century did have racial strife between normal humanity (homo sapiens) & the mutants, who were less numerous than the normal men, but had great superpowers. The mutants were divided between peaceful ones such as the X-MEN (who sought to gain accept-

ance by aiding normal humans) and militants, such as MAGNETO who considered themselves superior and sought to gain domination by force. Some scholars believe that the militant mutants eventually overpowered the X-MEN and their allies which resulted in an all-out war between the humans and mutants, which caused the disasters of the late twentieth century.

The science of the twentieth century was advanced far beyond our present level, and produced marvels which we have not come close to duplicating. Some of the greatest scientists of the era were Anthony Stark (in electronics), Henry Pym (in biochemistry), and Bruce Banner (in radiation physics)...although the latter's work backfired on him somewhat. However, the greatest scientist of the era was one Reed Richards, apparently a physicist. He made numerous discoveries and invented many inventions of great use, as well as acting as a leader of superheroes. Unfortunately, the actual work has been lost to the present day. However, our archaeologists have been working amongst the ruins of NEW YORK, hoping to excavate the site of his laboratory in the BAKTER BUILDING. When this historic building is found, the clues to the genius of Reed Richards that may be found could revolutionize our science.

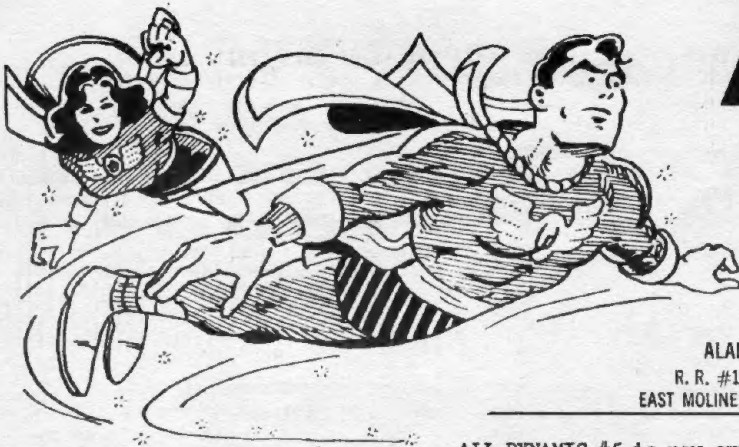
It was originally believed that some of the greatest minds before the catastrophes were called GALILEO, NEWTON & EINSTEIN. However, the graphic chronicles make clear that Richards, Stark, Pym, and Banner were the greatest of the period.

The chronicles also show that something formerly believed highly improbable occurred in the twentieth century—earth was visited by alien beings, such as the SKRULLS, KREE, GALACTUS, and the WATHCER. In fact, some humans, but mostly superheroes, actually developed space ships and left Earth, travelling to other planets and stars. Of course, the secret of space travel on this scale is lost in our time; we have barely attained the level of reaching our own moon. But perhaps this is just as well, since we no longer have superheroes to defeat hostile aliens such as Galactus and the Skrulls.

A very few of the graphic chronicles tell of a super-being from another world called "SUPERMAN". This being was completely impervious to harm (except from a substance called KRYPTONITE, which seems to have been the most abundant mineral on earth at the time). He could accomplish almost anything, and if he existed must have been the greatest super being of them all. However, his exploits are so improbable and so much at disagreement with the other chronicles, that most authorities on the subject now believe that the SUPERMAN chronicles were the twentieth century equivalent of fairy tales for very young children, having little or no relation to the true history related in the other chronicles at all.

TO SUM UP

The graphic chronicles make it clear that the men of the twentieth century were much farther advanced in science and civilization than our era. Many things of great value were lost in the mysterious disasters. But we might not really wish to have the old days back again. The twentieth century was constantly beset by battles between the super-beings, human-mutant racial strife, alien invasions and war. We make progress slowly, but peacefully. The one desirable thing we of 4000 A.D. have that the twentieth century did not possess is peace and quiet.



ALL DYNAMIC NO. FIVE

ALAN LIGHT
R. R. #1 BOX 297
EAST MOLINE, ILLINOIS 61244



ALL DYNAMIC #5 is now over nine tenths of the way finished, and very near to seeing print. The contents are some of the finest material to be found in fandom, and surely of interest to any true comics fan.

The front cover of this "extra special" issue is done by Mr. Alan Hanley, and is of **GOODGUY** and his pals. This is a prelude to the fine nine page **GOODGUY** strip in the issue, which is honestly his best yet!

Also inside we'll find the **DIRECT LINE, SPOTLIGHT**, an article by Gordon Matthews entitled "ATLAS DAYS; HERE AGAIN" and illustrations by Jim Jones, Bob Kane, John Fantucchio, and more! The **spotlight** is on Mr. Jim Pinkoski, fan artist who recently turned "pro". We'll have a picture of Jim and also publish some of his hitherto unpublished **ALIENS** strips, along with his own autobiography. And a fine back cover by Rich Buckler rounds out the issue.

ALL DYNAMIC #5 is a total of 16 8 1/2 x 11" pages, cover on heavy stock and possibly in color, and each and every copy will be mailed to you via **FIRST CLASS**, to insure it arriving in two or three days, not two or three weeks! Only 35¢ per copy from Alan L. Light, editor. (There will be 500 copies available, and since our printer is in New York, no more can or will be printed!)



WHAT PRICE VENGEANCE?

Frustrated in his quest for the Belt of Lobem, Kam Sitan stumbled wearily, albeit quickly, through the mists of the jungle of the empire state, Kardia. Close behind him came the soldiers of Bazdol Tan, the ruler. When Kam Sitan had formally requested permission to enter Kardia safely, under the pretext of an archaeological expedition, the ruler had learned through his spies of Kam's actual reason for wanting to search the Mist Jungle: the Belt of Lobem was thought to lie within the ruins of an ancient city there.

Bazdol Tan had promptly refused the request and dispatched a band into the fabled Mist Jungle in search of the Belt. But Kam Sitan remained undaunted, coming to the jungle of Kardia in disguise. Then, just as he thought he had discovered the long-sought secret repository of the belt, Bazdol Tan's men had come upon him.

Now he fled for his life. If the men of the ruler of Kardia caught him, he would know much pain before death.

A cry came to his ears. They were closing upon him! Ahead he saw dimly through the gray-white, wraith-like mists a clearing. He raced onward, determined to make his stand there.

Bursting through the hampering, string-like vines that barred his way he came out of the jungle and onto an astounding sight. The clearing that lay before him was free of the physically obstructing foliage and visually obstructing mists of the Kardian jungle. Sparkling, deep green grass swayed before him, and in the center of the glade lay a clear pool.

He advanced, the cool grass brushing and relieving his feet, and peering into the watery depths, he was more than surprised to find no reflection gazing back at him. Instead, not twenty feet below, through the water, he saw the stone pave of a street. A city beneath the water!

But no - he could see birds flying above the road and below him; the land beneath him, then, was not under water! Unhesitatingly, he plunged in, feet first, and two water-filled seconds later he found himself standing, dripping wet, on the street he had seen through the pool. He had no idea what held the water in suspension above him - but he did know where he was.

This was the place - the city he had been searching for until Bazdol Tan's soldiers found him. Here was supposed to lie the Belt of Lobem, and he meant to find it before the soldiers in pursuit could catch him.

Before him, the ancient, moss-covered masonry, still standing, presented the most obvious place to search. Cracked, eroded, weather-beaten idols of a forgotten god, hideous in aspect and handiwork, still barred the pillared entryway of the temple. Dark, gaping windows, reeking the sagacious air of ages, watched in silence. He looked about. All the other buildings - the few of the maybe twenty still standing - were of such small size and construction as to suggest the hopelessness of containing the fabled belt.

With grim reluctance he padded up to the huge, aged, marble steps. Stopping for an instant to listen, he caught the faint echoes of voices from above. The soldiers had arrived at the pool. First they would search the near-by jungle to make sure he had not fled again from the glade, then it would not be long until they dropped through and came after him. He continued up the steps, and passed silently through the cobwebbed entryway.

It was but an instant until his eyes accustomed themselves to the dark. He was in a fairly huge chamber, which although it must have been at one time decorated with the splendor of a kingdom, now was laden with the dust of untold ages and the litter and leavings of innumerable animals that had made their home there in the many past years. Almost buried by the handiwork of nature, six or more human skeletons lay about in various grotesque postures. They had died in battle, for their helmets and swords lay strewn about them, and some were yet clad in the rusted armor of more glorious days. One still clasped the hilt of a long sword that protruded from its broken ribcage.

Glancing only briefly at these, Kam Sitan essayed to cross the chamber to a dark, beckoning doorway in the age-eaten wall. Midway across the room, one of the rocks of the floor fell away beneath him, and he slipped to his knee into the blackness beneath. He felt something slimy brush his ankle; hastily he withdrew his leg, and picked his way forward more carefully, until at last he reached the door.

Realizing that speed was essential, and that even now the soldiers must be contemplating the drop through the water of the pool, he drew back and kicked the heavy door. With a rotten crunch, it fell forward in two pieces. Before him, across a small guard chamber, stood another door. This room showed less the workings of time, yet it was ancient, dirty, and littered with human skeletons in much the same postures as those without. He stepped across the room and put his shoulder to the door. With little more hindrance than the first, it fell away. Kam Sitan brushed the powdered flakings of the rotten wood from his shoulder, and stepped into what must have been the throne room. In the center of the chamber was a podium on which sat a dust laden throne surrounded by several chairs of audience and a couple guard benches. All of this was also mounded with filth.

But what astonished Kam Sitan was the amount of mangled and broken skeletons littering the spectacular chamber. To these, those he had encountered in the first two rooms were as a fly to a horse. Here a great battle had surely been held, and the result was obvious -- the city had been overcome and the palace looted. Very carefully he searched about for the Belt of Lobem, but it was not to be found. Nor had it been in either of the two other rooms -- these, too, he had at least given a cursory examination. And this was the only remaining room in the temple-palace. But wait! The temple had appeared much larger from outside, and it had most certainly been two-storied.

Finally, where he should have thought to look first, he found another exit. Behind the throne, under a thick layer of choking, clinging dust, a rusted iron ring, still strong enough to bear the weight of the stone slab to which it was attached, provided the key to the rest of the temple-palace. Setting the heavy stone aside, he lowered himself into the darkness which was his last hope; his feet came down on something solid, and he paused long enough to pull the slab into place above him. It wouldn't disguise his trail, which would be clear in the ankle-deep dust, but it might slow Bazdol Tan's men.

When it was settled, he took stock and looked about. It was not as black as it had appeared from above, it was mere

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DAVID ANTHONY KRAFT

ly darker, and he could see almost as well as he had in the throne room. His foot had certainly not slipped into this room when he was walking in the outer chamber, for the enclosure in which he now stood was only scarcely more wide than a man reclining, and was walled off on all sides save one that led away from where he had entered, going rather toward the rear of the temple.

Relieved at finding a way onward, Kam Sitan stepped through the opening, and climbed the crumbling rock stairs to a metal-constructed door apparently barred on the inside. How was he to kick through this? Experimentally, he put the hilt of his sword to the panel, striking with more than neglectable strength. The rusted metal cracked. Eagerly, Kam Sitan continued his hammering until ere long he had knocked into it a hole large enough through which to put his arm and open the bolt.

He had thought that the narrow, dark stairway behind him would be a good place to hold off Bazdol Tan's men, but when he stared on the contents of the room that lay before him, he forgot these thoughts and rushed forward to throw open the first of the jewelled caskets that were arrayed in a disorderly fashion about the room. Hoping to find the Belt of Lobem, thus to employ its mystic powers against the soldiers following and thirsting for his life, he was disappointed to look into an empty casket. He groped into the dark corners of the chest, and came up with a single, blazing, blue stone -- but this only served to infuriate him further.

Rushing about the chamber, he stared into all the caskets, and in all he found the same thing -- nothing. At last he realized the truth; the belt was naught but a legend. In some long by-gone day, this city and temple-palace had been sacked of all its riches, including the fabled belt, if indeed it had ever existed. Bitterness welled up within him; he had been the victim of his own foolishness. He had believed the legends, and now here he stood, pursued by the soldiers of Bazdol Tan, who sought to return him to the ruler of Kardia -- the ruler who had murdered two of his friends in a vain attempt to beat Kam Sitan to the nonexistent belt. Bitterness and rage, both of these burned strong in his breast, and on thinking of his murdered friends, these emotions were joined by a third and stronger: revenge!

"Bazdol Tan will burn in hell!" he shouted bitterly. Perhaps he had been blind in his lust for the belt, but once again he saw clearly, and those who were his comrades would be avenged. Dwelling on the ruler of Kardia, he remembered the band of soldiers following him, and cast about for a place to hold them off. He espied a narrow archway in a corner of the chamber. Crossing to it, he lithely stepped through, and found himself in what must have been the sleeping chamber of the king. It was dirty and bare, and held nothing of particular interest, until Kam Sitan stepped around the marble sleeping stone, and saw the single skeleton on the floor, finger bones yet locked about its throat as if poisoned by the deadly throat-lock weed. Beside it lay a chain-mail vest of some peculiar metal that was yet as bright as the day it was hammered into shape, and beside the armor lay a sword of the same material.

Through the stone slab, and up the stairs in the room behind him, came voices! The soldiers were closing upon him. This chamber would serve effectively for him to battle them one or two at a time, but he wore only a thin animal skin... certainly not enough to protect him from the sword-thrusts of Bazdol Tan's soldiers, and before him lay armor yet like new. Bending, he struggled it on, then took the shining sword in his hands. It had almost the same weight and feel as the sword he had been carrying.

He heard the grating of the slab as it was pulled from its place in the skeleton-carpeted, dust-filled floor. Immediately he could hear the guards clearly, and one was saying, "Tell the men to gather from the outer chamber and follow down into this passage. It is here that the outlaw-devil Kam Sitan has fled!"

The echoes of a booted guard's tramping died away, and Kam Sitan knew he had gone to summon the swarthy, ruthless balance of the men. He adjusted the mail on him, and practiced a few quick thrusts with the sword which still gleamed when other metal had decayed into mere flakes of rust. Then quite suddenly a horrible scream which was more whistle than roar reverberated up the staircase and into the chamber at the end of which he waited. So unexpected was the cry, and so terrible, that it startled even Kam Sitan, and incredulous awe and curiosity welled up within him.

What could produce such a sound?

He had been through the lower palace and there had been nothing which could have been made to account for the noise. Had the soldiers of Bazdol Tan brought with them some awesome weapon of which he was not aware?

No, for he could hear the terrible, babbling, mindless screams of men who were in the throes of mortal agony. And the brash, rough curses of other men, either wounded or in great danger, echoed in his ears. Something of great horror had occurred below, and although Kam Sitan could not see it, it was nonetheless fearful.

In returning to the cavernous outer chamber of the lower floor of the temple-palace, the messenger had unfortunately led the soldiers in a direct path across the center of the huge room. Clustered fairly close together, the men reached the place where Kam Sitan had partially slipped through the ancient rock floor, stepped onward, and then quite suddenly and with a bone-jarring crash, the central portion of the gloomy, dusk-haunted chamber collapsed and fell away beneath them.

The soldiers plummeted maybe thirty feet, to strike the hard, uneven floor of an enormous underground cavern. Damp and heavy, the fetid air filled their nostrils as they struck the earth. Some landed on their feet -- others fell in bone-breaking or neck-snapping sprawls. None had much time to note the steep, crumbling walls, the foul, polluted sewer at the near end, or the stygian, stalactite-filled exit of the dank cavern. But all immediately perceived the towering frame of the gigantic, baleful lord of the cavern.

Fifteen feet above them two dark, moistly glittering red eyes the size of chain balls stared down from under a rough, corrugated brow of solid, white bone. Great wide nostrils dilated with their scent and dripped murky green fluid. The flesh had long since fallen from the thick, monstrous jaw with teeth the length of a broadsword, but the neck was still covered with a pale, blue-hued hide that was coarse and age-eaten. Its body was relatively short, amply making up for this with its squat bulk and dark, wing-like protrusions of solid, naked bone. From the underside of the torso, three thick, muscle-knotted legs hugged the floor, ending in bone hooves. Sometime in the dim past the creature had lost its left hind limb, and in its place was a rough, cartilage-grown stump. The thing advanced on them, using its squat, bone-tipped tail to balance and aid it in moving. Opening its terrifying jaws, it gave vent to a deafening, whistle-like scream that drilled fear into the breasts of even the bravest of Bazdol Tan's men.

Those who had not fallen in such a manner as to break bones or perish turned and fled blindly away from the thing. But there was nowhere to flee. The dark, mouldy wall of the cavern, with the murky green-black stagnant pool before it, blocked their way. There was no escape. Even by scrambling one on the other they could not reach the floor of the chamber some thirty feet above them. Realizing there was naught they could do to avoid the dark thing that lurked beneath the dead city of the Belt of Lobem, the men turned and drew their swords.

The thing reached them, striking a mighty blow with its right foreleg that knocked three men, torn and mangled, to the rough earthen floor of the cavern. Rushing in, one of the men struck a heavy blow with his broadsword. The weapon sank a quarter of the way into a forelimb and stuck there. Wrenching at it wildly, the soldier was impaled on the ivory-yellow fangs of the great monster. The thing bit once, and the bloody body of the soldier fell to the bottom of the cavern, striking the fetid sewer and floating there, half-severed, in a reddening pool.

Two of the men attacked simultaneously, hoping thus to surprise the dark creature and deliver it a mortal blow. The first of the men was caught beneath the leg from which protruded a sword, and was crushed into a stinking, bloody pulp. The other fellow thrust his sword at the eye of the thing... attempting as he did so to escape the wrath of the creature. The sword struck point-first, sinking to its hilt in the staring red eye. A purple-crimson fluid oozed down the rough bone of the thing's head. In a frenzy of rage and pain it lashed out its great spiked tail, striking the man full in the back.

The blow elicited a scream of tortured anguish from the soldier, and then, one spike driven full through his body... the monster raised him in the air and with a rigid snap of its tail, slung him hard against the wall of the cavern. The man struck the wall with a stomach-turning crunch, and what was left of the bloody, mangled corpse dropped to the hard

earth.

But his blow had not been lost on the creature. With ear-shattering cries of pain it staggered and crashed about the cavern, but there was no one left to see, for the last of the soldiers, on seeing his fellow's fate, had fallen and drowned himself in the bloody pool where another of his comrades already floated.

Upstairs, Kam Sitan waited, not knowing exactly what had occurred, but guessing fairly accurately, and praising his god that the slimy thing that had brushed his ankle in the outer chamber had not entrapped him. He heard someone drop through the opening behind the throne and strike the floor. Presently the heavy, chain-mailed, sword-buckled body of Ton Osskar, leader of the band of soldiers who had been pursuing him, appeared in the doorway at the top of the stairs. There were none with him.

"Where are your men?" mocked Kam Sitan.

"All slaughtered by the thing lurking under the palace" he said breathlessly. "I no longer care whether or not you are brought before Bazdol Tan. Let us join forces to escape this accursed land!"

"Aye, after pursuing me with death-fury for days, now you would suddenly put aside hostilities. Now, when your soldiers are killed, a monster bars your retreat, and you must face me alone; now you would ally yourself with me!"

"It is agreed then?"

"So that you could spear me in the back when we reach the Mist Jungle? NO! Now shall you pay double-fold for your folly. My spirit cries for revenge!" and with these words Sitan leapt forward, drawing his sword and striking viciously for the head of Ton Osskar.

But the leader of the soldiers was no mean swordsman. He parried the blow, and entered his own thrust, which lanced gratefully from the chain-mail of Kam Sitan. Although he was not cut, the blow knocked the wind from him, and he felt a throbbing pain where the mail had deflected Osskar's sword-blade. Now sudden anger fanned his revenge into a flame that must be quenched! He jumped quickly at Ton Osskar, swinging the shining silvery sword he had but recently found with both hands and smashing the weapon from his opponent's hand. Then, sparing no energy, he thrust his blade between the chin of the guard leader's helmet and the top of his body mail. Soundlessly, Ton Osskar slipped to the cold stone floor.

Kam Sitan drew back, sheathed his sword, and with a long sigh, wiped his brow. Now he must find his way from the temple-palace, and then, somehow, back to the Mist Jungle of Kardia. But first things first. Undoubtedly there were numerous exits from the palace, but they were well-hidden, and he might never find them. And then again, perhaps they were ensnared. No, the only way out for him was the way he had entered.

Resolutely, he turned and stepped through the doorway of the chamber in which lay the body of the leader of Bazdol Tan's soldiers amid several empty caskets, and descended the dust-laden stairs. Reaching the little, three-walled enclosure, he clambered up and, seizing the edge of the floor, drew himself through and into the throne room. From there he stalked softly to the guardroom, through it, and out into the chamber from which had fallen the central section of the age-worn floor.

Before him gaped a hole perhaps twenty feet across, and thirty feet deep, where the soldiers of Bazdol Tan had fallen through. Peering down into it, he saw the likes of that which threatened to sicken even him. Torn, beaten, bloody, and crushed bodies littered the dirt floor of a foul smelling cavern, and in its center stumbled a gigantic, blue-colored monster, from one eye and one foreleg of which protruded the hilts of Kardian swords.

Apparently, the wounds inflicted on it by the Kardian soldiers had finally succeeded in slowing the monster. He surmised that the sword-thrust to the eye of the thing had reached farther, into the puny brain of the demon. He need not fear harm from the thing if he skirted the hole carefully, making as little sound as possible. Thus he proceeded to follow the wall, keeping well away from the edge of the pit, and in moments he reached the entryway. Passing through it, he noted that the hideous idols now seemed more malevolent than even when he had entered. Rushing down the stairs, he loped uphill to where he had jumped through the water and down onto the pave. Luck was indeed with him.

A long rope floated through the placid waters of the pool, and dangled before him. The soldiers of Bazdol Tan

had been more intelligent than he had anticipated. Realizing full well that return might indeed prove difficult unless they made arrangements, the soldiers had lowered a rope previously. In a better mood, he started hand over hand up the rope. Reaching the suspended water, he passed through it, and drew himself up on the bank to rest in the cool, waving green grass. They had driven a stake deep into the bark, and to this was the strong Kardian rope attached. Kam Sitan smiled. Kardian rope--he was going to have a visit with the ruler of Kardia, Bazdol Tan, concerning some personal debts. Payment would be with his life; Bazdol Tan was about to pay dearly for the torture and the deaths of those who had been Kam Sitan's friends. He arose and started through the foliage that impeded his every movement, and soon was lost to sight in the mists of the Kardian jungle.

The life of Ommnak, capital city of Kardia, buzzed with the throngs of the empire. Today was the day of the great Remembrance; the day was one which the people celebrated once every five years in memory of the original founder of the empire, Kohng Jhihn. Many people roamed the streets; people of the eleven lesser cities of the empire, and even travelers from nearer countries that traded with the city of Bazdol Tan.

A dark-haired, bearded, robed figure strode rapidly down one of the side streets coming to the east side of the emperor's palace. People out for the gaities and festivities of the holiday stepped from his path. It was near evening and he reached the palace walls before dark. Unchallenged simply because there were so many people within the city roaming everywhere, he noted the guards detailed at the major entrance. He also noted, on circumventing the palace, that there were only two guards stationed at the slave entrance, and that these seemed less than alert. Patiently, he waited. Before the hour of dedication to the spirit of the city, as was the custom on the holiday of the founding, a dark, cloaked slave came out of the entrance, showed a metal piece to the guard, and continued on. Stalking him silently, the bearded man saw him enter the dark alley to the rear of the central temple. Stealing in behind him, the dark-haired, robed figure called softly.

Turning, the slave jerked a long-bladed Xydion knife from his cloak--very familiar was he with those who haunted the back streets of the city. Robbers were nothing new to him, who had lived within the city for twenty years. Gesturing, the bearded man showed his hands to be empty. "I do not wish to harm you, I wish to have a word", he said.

Dubiously, the slave lowered his knife a fraction of an inch. That was his mistake. In an instant the dark-haired stranger was upon him, and a moment later the slave lay upon the cold pavement, unconscious. The man who had struck him down stepped up to him and drew off his cloak. Arranging it on himself, he also bent and took from the slave a metal piece. Then he turned and was gone.

At the slave entrance to the palace of Bazdol Tan, the dark slave who had but recently left returned. Presenting his metal for identification to the guards, who could not be familiar with each of the infinite palace slaves, he stepped through the archway and into the palace. Within a quarter of an hour he stood before the chambers of Bazdol Tan, revenge burning strongly within him. He rapped curtly on the door. A guard came, asking him what transpired. Stating that he had a personal message from Makan Dham, lesser emperor of a lesser city than Kardia, he was admitted.

"Well, what is it?" snapped the lean, cruel-looking figure of Bazdol Tan.

"I bear news of the Belt of Lobem, for which many were tortured and killed."

"Aye, and well was their torture appreciated by a past master of the art; but what is the news? Has Kam Sitan been found? And what of my soldiers?"

Turning, the robed slave-figure struck down the two guards who stood immediately behind him with one biting blow of a slave's Xydion blade. "There is no Belt of Lobem; for naught have we spent our greed. For naught have you butchered the friends of Kam Sitan! It were one thing to be impassioned by lust for such a legendary object as the fabled belt--and it were quite another to torture for the sake of it! Thus speaks the revenge of Kam Sitan!" and he stepped forward, removing a silvery sword from beneath his cloak.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



THE SHADOW KNOWS!

BY BISH

It was a dark, dank, gray evening. The sound of rapid footsteps revealed the movement of a lone man. His face was rough, and facial expression distinguished him as a hardened member of gangland. He suddenly angled off the dimly-lighted street into an alley...a gloomy, shadowy alley and as he entered the darkness, it shifted like a live thing. The man stopped before the growing blackness, only to be engulfed in it. There was silence, and then a low, mocking, reverberating laugh rose, echoing over the rooftops. Those who knew this laugh shuddered, for it was the laugh of THE SHADOW!

The previous paragraph is an example of the techniques of the Shadow. Who and what is the Shadow? No one can really say. He is a man of unlimited wealth who works freely among men. He is an undoubted genius of crime detection. No plot, puzzle or plan could go undetected. All this could be done with amazing rapidity. Hesitation was seemingly unknown to the Shadow. If the Shadow was ever surrounded, his attackers would always be on edge, for he would act instantly. A situation could be analyzed before it had fully materialized. A plan was always at hand. He could not be stopped. To the underworld, the Shadow was synonymous to disaster.

The Shadow's greatest technique for combat and possibly the most imitated of all was invisibility. His black apparel was quite concealing in itself, but the Shadow could make his suit absorb light rays at will, making him completely invisible with his shadow the only mark of his presence. This could conceivably be an ample gimmick, but the Shadow went farther. He could use his wraith-like shadow to terrorize his victims. He could become visible at will and thereby give the impression that he materialized out of a spirit world. He held amazing control over his shadow. He could stand in a lighted room and have his shadow cast in any direction he pleased. This he used as a diversionary and unnerving tactic. But his best weapon of psychological warfare in his arsenal was his mirthless, defiant laugh. No man could ignore it, for it was the herald of impending doom. The appearance of his shadow, though revealing his presence, was never a handicap. The Shadow could trail a person and uncannily blend his shadow in with the person's he followed. A poorly-lit room was ideal for shadow camouflage. Tangible yet elusive, his appearance as such gained him a name from those who knew and feared him - his actions played on a gangster's superstitions which gave him a distinct advantage in the beginning.

The Shadow also had other talents. His magnificent mind could photograph a person's characteristics and within seconds, he could become that person's twin. Hereby no enemy could stop him. He used this method much and replaced a certain millionaire to such an extent that much of fan-dom began believing that this socialite, Lamont Cranston by name, and the Shadow were one in the same. Such are the problems of large publicity, here being the Shadow comics and radio program. The once-a-week radio program also gave the Shadow another talent...the ability to cloud men's minds...a result of hypnotism.

The Shadow is said to have known what evil lurks in the hearts of men. This may be true, but he had some help in this field. Around the world were agents of the Shadow...men and women who served with unquestioning obedience. At one time each of these people had been under some kind of financial, legal, physical, or mental pressure which threatened one's entire existence. This was where the Shadow stepped in. He restored and supported these people in return

for a lifetime of service. These agents would assist in discovering mysteries and the Shadow in destroying an enemy when the time arose. They acted on direct messages from the Shadow, either in code, by letter, through wireless communication, or by words accentuated in a radio dialogue. An agent was left more or less on his own after this, and the types of action to be used were left up to the agent, leaving him more independent than one would suspect. The activities of such an army enabled the Shadow to observe the movement of the underworld throughout the globe and act whenever necessary.

The Shadow quickly became a very popular character in pulp fiction. His techniques were not the only cause of his rise, but also the type of villains he fought. The Shadow's battleground was the underworld. His opponents were not the street corner gangster type, nor were they the power mad geniuses who threatened to take over the world. They were an elite branch of crooks...men feared and obeyed by gangland yet untouched by the law. Rackets run by those people were so successful that no laws could even be proved broken. This exclusiveness introduced broader horizons to conquer and corrupt. This was the plane on which the Shadow struck. Here were enemies worthy of his attacks who could not be stopped or even detected by any other source. They were a unique brand of villains for a unique hero. But despite the countless attacks and challenges, the incomparable Shadow never faltered...never failed. He was truly invincible.

BACKGROUND

The Shadow was created in 1931 by Walter Gibson, who wrote under the alias of Maxwell Grant. The first appearance of the Shadow was in his first dime novel, which was dated April-June, 1931. The Shadow's popularity grew by leaps and bounds. The magazine, originally planned as quarterly, became monthly after only three issues. The crowning touch came when the magazine became semi-monthly in March of 1932, only a year after his introduction. The amazing Mr. Gibson successfully produced 24 novels a year as long as the demand lasted. This was the ultimate age of pulp fiction. But all good things draw to a close, and our hero is no exception. The Shadow returned to a monthly in 1942, and degenerated to bi-monthly and even quarterly before it ended. Mr. Gibson ended his 15 year career with a total of 283 Shadow novels out of the 325 published. This outstanding record has given the Shadow a mighty mark in the annals of nostalgic literature.

Whenever the question comes up: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?", it may be said that THE SHADOW KNOWS!

WHAT PRICE VENGEANCE? by David Anthony Kraft (continued)...

Two blades struck the ruler of Kardia at once: Kam Sitan's -- and Bazdol Tan's. For he who revelled so much in death's giving could not bear the thought of perishing by another blade. A master of sadism could retain his mastery over those he had murdered only by destroying himself. And naught was to stop him from tormenting them in the afterlife for he who might, must be impaled on the death-inflictor of the master, which would be buried with him.

Kam Sitan stooped, drew the blade from the body of Bazdol Tan, and plunged it into his own breast.



A Few dynamiccomments

From Our Readers

I recieved quite a few interesting letters commenting on ALL DYNAMIC #3, and I appreciate the fact that so many fans are interested in ALL DYNAMIC's future. When sending in letters commenting this magazine, please send it separately from the personal letter you may send with it, as I have a devil of a time tearing apart letters! I'll write you a personal reply back whether or not the letter is accepted for print.



FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.

FREDRIC WERTHAM, M. D.
R. R. #1
KEMPTON, PA. 19529

Dear Alan,

Many thanks for your letter. I will try to answer as many of your questions as I can. I could not possibly answer the mistaken things that have been said about me in various fanzines. Fans tend to overlook the fact that I also wrote books in which mass media are not even mentioned...like, DARK LEGEND, A STUDY IN MURDER (a 1966 Bantam paperback book), and THE SHOW OF VIOLENCE (a 1967 Bantam paperback book). Also... all the facts I have ever published were scrupulously checked for accuracy and nobody ever found them inaccurate.

What I stand for at present is very clear in my book, A SIGN FOR CAIN. I believe that human violence, which is such a plague, can be reduced and eventually abolished. That means taking into account all kinds of factors that many people consider trivial and not worth mentioning or bothering about. It won't be done by costumed Supermen flying about through the air or in space...it will be done by people with their feet on the ground, including fanzine readers. Of course, there are still many people who have ready-made theories that violence is eternal. I think that is not science, but a complacent belief.

Comics presently being produced are less gory, but they still have a very high violence content. I have not called a comic book "terrible". I have studied their influence on children and pointed out the potential harm they do in conjunction with many other factors. I don't subscribe to any comics, but on and off see many of them, and never classify a publication as good, bad, or "the worst".

Incidentally, there is a rumor going around that I said CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED was evil in that they kept children from reading the true novels. That statement was totally and very needlessly misunderstood. Some people understood it correctly and as it was meant. I stated what I found out by careful research -- that the easy way of reading a CLASSIC book format prevents young people from taking the time and effort to read a whole long book. By the way, this dialogue with the publisher of CI was not planned. What had been originally intended was a friendly conversation with Bob Kane, the creator of BATMAN, but he suddenly got sick and at the last moment the station made a substitution.

I had nothing to do with the COMICS CODE, though some people think I "created" it. I have never approved of it, nor endorsed it. In fact, the first time I mentioned comic books at all in public was in 1949, when I testified in a federal court and under oath as an expert, against censorship. The lawyer for whom I testified at the time is now a distinguished judge of the Federal Court of Appeals.

Some misinformed fanzine writers give my name to a straw man who actually has nothing to do with me. I am a doctor who has found harmful ingredients and has said so. It is not difficult to see which commercial enterprises have an interest in convincing naive young people that everything I say about mass media violence is wrong, and that I am some sort of an evil devil. A SIGN FOR CAIN has chapters X and XII devoted to comics and related material...note those especially when reading it. You may reprint from it whatever you like.

With Best Wishes,

Fredric Wertham



DYNAMICOMMENTS

CONTINUED

MR. JOE KURNAVA
% RT. #48
ALLWOOD P. O.
CLIFTON, N. J. 07012

Dear Alan:

I recieved ALL DYNAMIC #3 last week, but haven't gotten around to reading it until today.

Well, let's see what's there. The top art in this issue was the cover by John McLaughlin, closely followed by Jim Shull's illustration of DOCTOR STRANGE. Alan Hanley's cartoony style has always been pleasing to the eye, though I always get the impression that his work is done much too hastily. It's too bad I don't practice what I preach --I see that the arms on my FIREHAIR illo are out of proportion.

Dwight Decker's article was well done, in spite of the fact that I couldn't find myself in complete agreement with his statements. Dwight seemed to disregard the fact that DC, with it's Golden Age JUSTICE SOCIETY and SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY, had originally integrated their characters into one fighting unit. Granted that each character appeared in chapters that could, with slight revisions, have been complete in themselves as one story; but even so, the main story linetook into consideration the diversified talents of these individuals.

Gordon Matthews overlooks the fact that DC has survived the lengthy hiatus between the Golden Age and the Marvel age. This, if nothing else, is an achievement in itself. While other companies fell by the wayside, DC continued operations because they were able to adapt to existing conditions.

It's true that characterization was minimized during the Golden Age, but this was true with almost all of the fiction being written at that time. Fiction, with the advent of the New Wave, has already undergone another metamorphosis. J. G. Ballard has not only written stories without characters... but novels without stories...and that's not easy! Boring,yes; but easy, no.

And, methinks, Gordon seems to equate patriotism with chauvinism. Certainly, I can see no possible way to glorify a member of a nation that was responsible for "summer resorts" such as Belzen or Dachau.I wonder if Gordon would have done things differently if he had been a motivating factor at that time. If so... how? Gordon seems to have a bad habit inasmuch as his articles are concerned; He makes what appears to be an unequivocal statement, but really isn't. Gordon merely says, in so many words, that something is right or that it is not. He never says why it is or is not right. So come on, Gordon, let's have an article about the effects of comic books (as you would have handled them) In W W II. What would you have substituted for the "...undying, if somewhat moronic, passion for Stars and stripes, truth, justice, freedom,..."? Would you have presented to the youth of America an intelligent, logical appreciation of the Swastika and all that symbol stood for? (Did you, pray tell, know that the Swastika was a mirror-image of the Indian sign for peace? And do you know that the antithesis of Peace is War?)

Would you have represented, in the comics of years gone by, the truth that Hitler spoke? "Libensraum, baby, that's all I want. Nothing else. Just libensraum and PEACE!" And all the while the blood and guts of countries like Sweden, Norway, Poland and Czechoslovakia were seeping -- nay, GUSHING -- from underneath his hob-nailed boots!

So, c'mon, Gordon, who would you have had the kiddies of America emulate? Tell us, by all means. I'm sure we'd all like to know!

Now to the debate between the estimable personages of Mr. Matthews and Mr. Mendelsohn: it's true that on an overall basis, the art of the Golden Age was inferior to that of the present day. There are reasons, undoubtedly. People were not as affluent as today, and budding artists withered away in factories more often than not. Another thing to take into consideration is the psychological outlook of the times.

Artists, on the whole, were considered bums -- people who didn't want to work for a living.

Still, there were some that were vastly superior to those on the contemporary scene. Simon/Kirby, in spite of Mr. Matthews opinion, towered over the great majority of the people that produce art today. In fact, they undoubtedly rarely produced the art they were capable of doing because of the tremendous volume of work they turned out, month after month after month. Even so, there are few today that could stand in comparison with them. 'Twould be like the moon trying to match the brilliance of the sun.

I strongly suspect that Gordon is evaluating them from the terribly poor reprints that MARVEL recently ceased publishing. These are comparable to the botched Italian reproductions of Alex Raymond's FLASH GORDON. The true quality of the original art was conspicuous by its absence. I'd even be willing to bet that the art was copied by other artists before being printed. I know this was the case insofar as the Italian reprints are concerned.

Your ALL WINNERS example was poorly chosen, Gordon. The time-travel paradox doesn't automatically make a poor story - look at the DR. DOOM/PHAROAH series by Stan Lee or HEINLEIN's "...All You Zombies!". Generally, today's stories are better, but that's because there is more emphasis placed upon them. I also said before, styles of writing have changed.

This little missive probably sounds like a "hate Gordon Matthews Week", but that's not so. He just leaves himself open for a counterattack.

That does it.

Best-

Joe Kurnava

ON BEHALF OF MARTIN L. GREIM, I WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THOSE FANS WHO VOTED FOR COMIC CRUSADER AS BEST ALL-TIME FANZINE IN THE ALL DYNAMIC POTPORRI POLL. IT IS THE SUPPORT OF YOU FANS THAT KEEPS CRUSADER GOING.



11/69

DOUG MARTIN
36-36 - 35 AVENUE CT.
ROCK ISLAND, ILL. 61201

Dear Alan,

I was pleasantly surprised to find that someone else in the Quad-Cities here shares my interest in comics and fandom. Therefore I anticipated getting ALL DYNAMIC with much interest as to what it would be like. I must say that I was not disappointed when I got it. Your zine has a very "pro" appearance, which is something to be proud of, since most fan-zines, even offset ones, manage to mess up their art or do something to make the zine seem sloppy. I also enjoyed the color on the covers. It gave the zine a pleasing appearance.

The line-up of talent was equally impressive. The art line-up offered a variety, and was more than adequate. Hanley was especially good. But I will say that THE CITADEL seemed pointless if you aren't going to have the second part, though.

As for the articles, I would say that they were all entertaining, but I think that you should try to have many more informative ones (though it sounds like that's what is coming up next issue). Still, with Dwight Decker and Gordon Matthews (even if he is too anti-DC) it is hard not to get interesting work.

And speaking of Gordon's work, "DC...DYING" is one of the biggest pieces of misinformation I have ever seen. I am not going into great detail, but I have to bring up a few of my opinions before leaving the subject. It seems to me that MARVEL has already reached its' popularity peak and is going down (in fandom). After all, look at all the MARVEL clubs and zines there were two years ago, and look at how many are left. Most of those that are here are here because they are good zines, and not just because they were about MARVEL.

I like the original way in which Gordon used Superman to represent DC as a whole. The same original way everyone I see has since the MARVEL - DC feud began. I wish he would

take a look at the early issues of JIA, GREEN LANTERN, and ATOM, and tell me that the kids would like them, or even understand some of them.

Gordon does bring up a valid point that the "good" DCs flopped, but forgot to mention that MARVEL folded five titles in the last few months, which brings us to the same statement that has been said for several months now; that the super hero concept itself is losing popularity, and not just one company.

In conclusion, you have a good solid zine. I hope the ones to follow will be just as good.

Doug Martin

GENERAL COMMENTS AND QUOTES...

JOHN McLAUGHLIN (editor of MCR)
890 SAVORY DRIVE
SUNNYVALE, CALIF. 94087

...I must totally agree with Gordon Matthews on the debate topic in ALL DYNAMIC #3. Anyone who has seen a goodly amount of Golden Age comics, then modern comics, would have to have the same opinion as Gordon. Why, even many of the old pro's of the GOLDEN AGE have remarked, "All you needed then was a pencil or a pen, and the will to work...". Now it's much harder to break into the pro world as there are so many talented people there already...

MIKE O'NEAL (editor of QUINTESSENCE)
1911 PECAN LANE
ALBANY, GA. 31706

...DC - DYING was alright, but I don't agree with Gordon Matthews completely. I think that the bubble-gum brigade is still the vast majority of comic readers. And it looks as if MARVEL and DC are trying to cater more than ever to these (notice all the new comics aimed at them... PETER THE PEST and HOMER THE HAPPY GHOST). I predict a gradual decline in over-all quality for both companies, and because of this, most of the "intel-ligent" people in fandom will drop out....

DAVID ANTHONY KRAFT (editor of OMNIFAN)
ST. MICHAEL, NO. DAK. 58370

...Tower of Doomed Men was terrible. Atrocious misspelling and dreadfully in need of a couple of good re-writes.... ((Editor - I'd like to apologize to Dennis DeFronn for the horrible misspellings in his story, which by the way I forgot to proof read. I also cut it down by about a page because I had room for only a two page story. However, Dennis himself does admit it was a poor piece, and promises to work doubly hard on future S&S and horror stories.))

CHARLES D. SCHRECK
EL PASO, ILL. 61738

...The CITADEL by Mike Alroy was not a 'new twist', but only an example of text with illustrations. Now if there had been incorporation of the art into the text (for example, instead of long descriptive passages, one picture could be used. And instead of many pictures to show a simple action, to show the setting, or to set the mood, a few words could be used.) or something else...that would be experimenting. The illustrations were really superfluous, for the story could have been understood without them...



spotlight *on* MAX GOTTFRIED!

My name is Max Gottfried. You may have seen my work in other fanzines such as *The Fantastic Fanzine*, *The Collector*, *Quintessence*, *The Comic Crusader*, and this fanzine, *ALL DYNAMIC* (of which my illustration of the Red Skull appeared on page 27 of the last issue).

I've been in fandom for only two years now, but I think I know my way around very well. I've made many good friends here in fandom and it has helped to develop my artistic ability. I would say that Ron Liberman was probably the first to introduce me to fandom through his fanzine, *THE MARVEL TRIBUNE* (now defunct). Gradually I made friends and began sending taped messages to them. Well, since then I've stopped sending them except to one of my closest friends, Jim Wilson, and I've seemingly gotten off the track from my original goal. I was out to buy, trade, and sell comics, but now fandom has brought me a lot of entertainment in forms of fanzines and comic conventions.

When I get enough money, I'll try to delve into other types of art, such as paintings and watercolors. When I consider myself ready, I'll try to submit some of my art to *THE ROCKET'S BLAST*COMICCOLLECTOR* and *STAR STUDDER COMICS*. I think I could turn out a pretty good comic strip if I only had the time. I've gotten loads of ideas for plots and I've also designed costumed heroes and villains for a strip, but time is the main factor holding me back.

I collect all kinds of comics...Marvel, DC, and other comics that interest me in their artistic value. Actually, I don't have a favorite comic, but if asked, I'd probably have to say *THE AVENGERS*. Art seems ok, and the writing is excellent! I will be looking forward to John Buscema's return to the book, though. Next in line comes *CAPTAIN MARVEL (SHAZAM!!)*, followed by *CAPTAIN AMERICA* and the *FANTASTIC FOUR*. My favorite comic character is, oddly enough, not in any comic books. Steve Ditko's *MR. A* is the best character, in my opinion, that has ever been seen. Steve Ditko is a genius in both art and writing values. His work in *WITZEND* is/was sensational!!

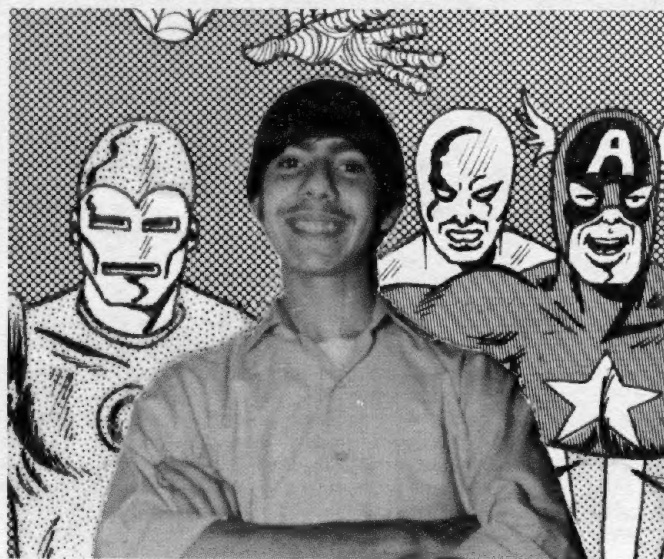
MARVEL and DC are at each other's throats to win the #1 title. Both have excellent artists, but I would say MARVEL wins in writers. Marvel is closer to the fan (more like a friend) than the folks at NATIONAL. I would probably choose MARVEL as the No. 1 company, though, because MARVEL is what brought me to fandom, and I just simply think that they top DC.

Some of my favorite fanzines are, in no specific order: *THE ROCKET'S BLAST*COMICCOLLECTOR*, *THE COMIC CRUSADER*, *THE COLLECTOR*, *ALL DYNAMIC*, *NATIONAL COMIC SOCIETY REVIEW*, *FANTASTIC FANZINE*, and a host of others.

I'm currently a junior in high school, attending EVANDER CHILDS HIGH here in the Bronx, and major in art. I try to do work for fanzines between my assignments in school and houndings from my teachers. Either it's the bio teacher who wants a cell-dividing pic (in color no less!) or it's the football coach wanting a sign for the lobby. Sheesh!

As to my artwork, I'm trying to take a little style from each artist...Kirby's fingers, Gil Kane's positions with figures, Steranko's muscular anatomy, Adam's facial expressions and on and on... Many fan artists try to adapt to only one pro's style, but I guess I'm making it difficult for myself. "Why should I continue this?" you ask. Probably to suit myself, and hope that the end product comes out nice enough.

I was planning a fanzine of my own, called "70 MAGAZINE" but my partner, Don Tyler, could not continue, so, without the help he would have given, I had to quit also. But I am



planning a new fanzine called either FAN ART UNLIMITED or FOLIO, which will contain only art by fans and pro's alike.

Well, once you get me started, you just can't shut me up! If all else failed... now when you look at one of my illustrations, you know something about the person who drew it.



Alan---

I'd like to thank Max for being so kind as to write this article. *ALL DYNAMIC* #5 has Mr. Jim Pinkoski spotlight-ed

Randy Adams tells me that Jim is now a pro, having just received an assignment from the WEB OF HORROR people. Thanks, Randy!

QNT

QUINTESSENCE**QNT

Issue #1.....35¢
Issue #2.....35¢
Issue #3.....50¢

Well, QUINTESSENCE #1 has finally been printed, and your copy will be mailed to you the day we receive your order. QNT #1 is entirely offset and features: a SPECTACULAR front cover (says our maid) by JTCG Cornell, an article on the late, great painter, Maxfield Parrish, by Bucky Larkins, an article about comicdom's two most tragic characters, by Shirley A. Gorman, a controversial article on EC and Censorship, by Randall Shepherd, an interview with MARVEL's Barry Smith, a humorous news section, and article by Tony Isabella on the price raise in the comics, and index to STAR SPANGLED COMICS #1-10 from the Golden Age, and top quality art by Klaus Janson, Ted White, Dave Russel, John Cornell, and Max Gottfried. Twenty offset pages, plus ads and other things. 35¢ flat from: MIKE O'NEAL - 1911 PECAN LANE - ALBANY, GA. 31705.

Also order #2. Better. Only 35¢.

((Alan here. Mike is publishing a very good zine, and he would like to have your support, too. His first issue was really great (much better than ALL DYNAMIC's first). QNT is well worth the 35¢!))



ANNOUNCING:

A long-awaited fanzine devoted exclusively to Otis Adelbert Kline and his works, OAK LEAVES will be a half-sized, 12 page offset zine with typewriter print reduced to the smallest possible size consistent with serious reading, thus bringing you up to 25 pages worth of material.

It is too early as this is being written to present a list of features or contributors, but OAK LEAVES will contain articles, bibliographies, art, reproductions of pulp covers featuring Kline, and many other worthwhile additions to the so far relatively undernourished field of Klinedom.

OAK LEAVES will make its debut in OMNIFAN FOUR at no extra cost, separately stapled and printed but affixed by a single staple to the center of OMNIFAN and quite easily detached; along with it, OMNIFAN will feature an in-depth review of Philip Jose Farmer's "WORLD OF TIERS" trilogy, book reviews part two of the antediluvian serial TALNOTH OF ANOZZGOR by David Anthony Kraft, letters, a complete list of SHADOW novels by Walter B. Gibson, and other material bringing the total up to 36 pages. OMNIFAN 4 - 50¢ an issue/\$1.80 (4 ish) subscription.

Or, OAK LEAVES can be purchased separately, at 30¢ an issue, or \$1.50 for a 5 issue sub. All zines sent postpaid in envelopes; reserve your copies of OMNIFAN & OAK LEAVES now!

DAVID ANTHONY KRAFT
ST. MICHAEL, NO. DAK. 58370

another FOTO I M E



LEFT and BELOW: Mr. Milton Caniff-RIGHT: James Steranko-LOWER RIGHT: Charles Schulz and some of his pals



(Thanks go to Kevin Clement and Mike Circirelli for use of the two upper pictures.)



